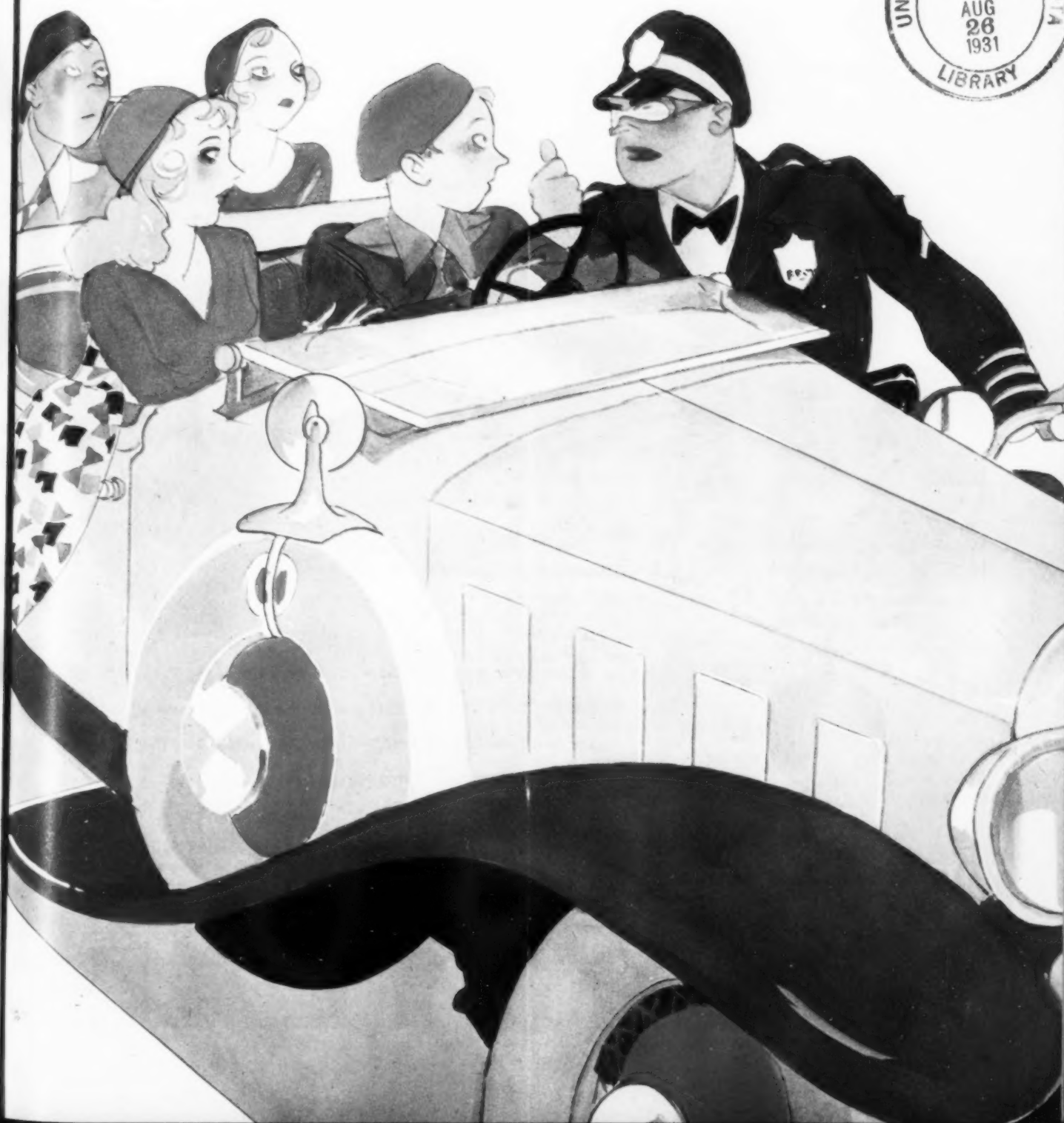
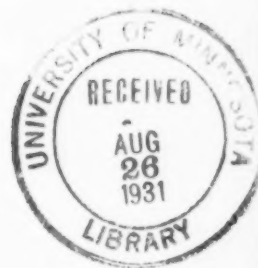


Life

10¢

August 28, 1931

"Hey! Are you color-blind?"





*Arch of Titus
Rome*



The
DOUBLE EAGLE
by

GOODYEAR

TIME yields generous tribute to the work that is sound and fine. This can be true of an automobile tire, as of a triumphal arch. It is true of the Goodyear Double Eagle—first of the *super-tires*—today far more highly esteemed than at any previous time. Tire of tires in the beginning, the Double Eagle has been imitated, copied, patterned after, of course; but in its matchless excellence it continues to stand steadily first in reputation, as it does in sales.

Copyright 1931, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

EGGS! They tear you down socially



THE egg eater is likely to have halitosis (unpleasant breath) because tiny egg particles have been shown by chemical research to be a prolific source of unpleasant odors.

This doesn't mean that you should quit eating eggs. That would be absurd. Eggs should be regularly included in the menu because of their nourishing and health-building qualities. It is suggested, however, that after eating eggs you brush your teeth more carefully, with a good tufted brush; and that you follow this with Listerine used full strength as a mouthwash.

As you probably know, Listerine instantly overcomes halitosis. First, it halts fermentation (estimated to be the cause of 90% of the trouble). Second, attacks infection (the cause of another 5%). Third, overcomes the odors themselves.

Keep your breath beyond suspicion
with this antiseptic... deodorizes swiftly
and is pleasant to taste

Listerine overcomes odors that other mouthwashes fail to mask in 4 days

There are many mouthwashes, old and new, claiming antiseptic power, deodorizing effect, and pleasant taste. Compare them with Listerine, if you like. We are certain that every comparison will be in Listerine's favor.

Swift, germicidal action

No antiseptic mouthwash kills germs faster than Listerine, used full strength. It destroys bacteria in the shortest time accurately recorded by science.

That is important to remember, because many serious ailments start in the mouth, and because 95% of all halitosis (unpleasant breath) is caused either by fermentation of tiny food particles, or by minor infections of the oral tract. Listerine instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection. Removes 98% of the bacteria in saliva.

Amazing deodorant power

Recent searching scientific tests made by noted analytical chemists disclose Listerine's vast superiority as a deodorant. In experiment after experiment, Listerine showed immediate ability to overcome odors that ordinary mouthwashes failed to conceal in

4 days. Clearly, then, it is your best aid in conquering halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.

That delightful taste

Many mouthwashes otherwise effective are unpopular because of the flat, sickish taste that lingers in the mouth after their use.

Contrast this annoying effect with the brisk, delightful, refreshing flavor of Listerine.

Benefits tissue and teeth

When you use a mouthwash you like to think that you are not breaking down the resistance of mouth tissue. That you are not attacking the precious enamel of the teeth, nor the metallic fillings that may be in them. Only by careful choice of a mouthwash can you be sure of avoiding such troubles.

Listerine's enthusiastic endorsement by the medical profession is based on

the fact that it is first of all non-poisonous, and that its effect on the mucous membrane tends to be soothing and healing. Its ingredients are not harsh; and therefore do not damage either tissue or tooth structure. Indeed, its effect on both is protective.

No dilution required

Here is another point for Listerine. You know when you use it just as it comes from the bottle that you are getting positive, certain, germicidal and deodorizing effect.

Dilution, with its uncertainties and its dangers, is not one of your troubles.

Keep Listerine always handy in home and office, and carry it with you when you travel. It is a splendid first aid until the doctor comes.

And, moreover, it is your assurance that your breath is beyond reproach. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Listerine's 8 points of superiority over other mouthwashes:

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. No damaging effect on tooth structure.
6. Does not attack metal fillings.
7. Heals and soothes tissue.
8. Requires no dilution.

LISTERINE—the safe antiseptic—KILLS GERMS IN THE FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE



WHY NOT?

Think of all the fun
you'll get out of LIFE
if you try it for 14 weeks

Or, it is barely possible that you might want to send it as a little gift to that friend of yours who seems to have forgotten how to smile. He will be sure to get a bunch of smiles and, unless his "case" is of too long standing, we will bet that he gets a real good laugh with every issue.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
14 weeks for \$1.00

\$5.00 a year

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

Name

Address



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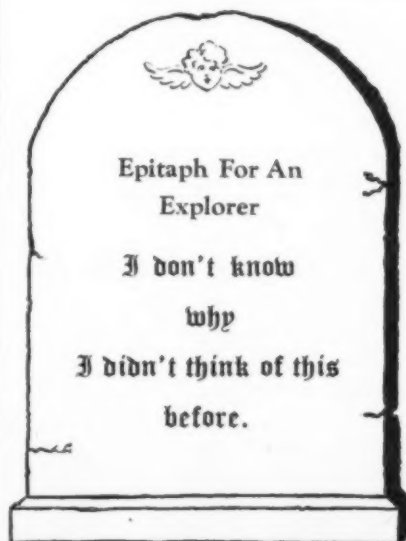
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Life



"Now let us consider what reincarnation holds for all of us."

After 35 years on the New York police force Inspector McDonald has retired on a pension. A man who has been baffled for 35 years deserves a pension.

*

Rudy Vallée has been voted the most popular radio entertainer . . . the crooning achievement of his life.

*

"An ant," we read, "can lift five times its own weight." And will not hesitate, we might add, to wrestle a full grown picnicker.

In Denver a bridge player borrowed a knife from her partner and used it to stab him. We hasten to state that this positively is not the Culbertson system.

*

Splendid Geyser, in Yellowstone Park, is spouting again for the first time since 1892. Here and there we begin to find signs of the approaching 1932 election campaigns.

*

Admiral Byrd is at work on another book describing his Antarctic trip. Per-

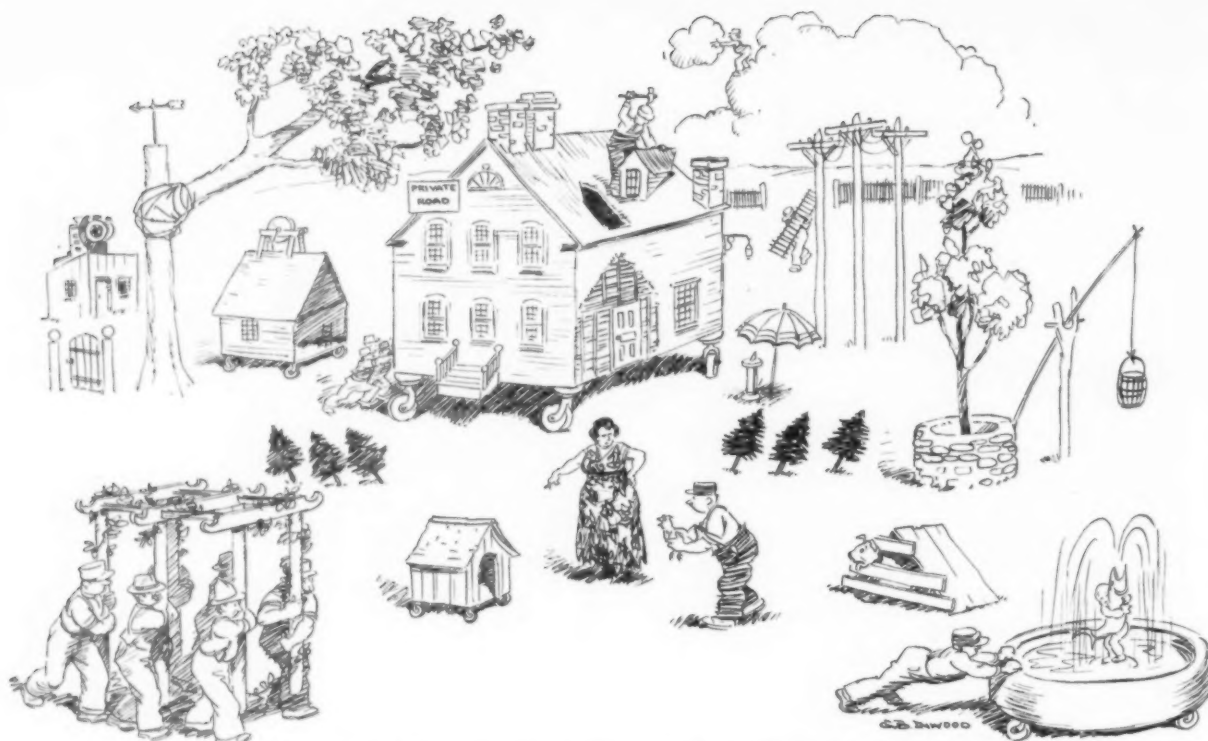
haps he is finally going to tell why he went.

*

And we understand there's a big argument in Chicago as to whether or not the city should have an official display of the beer industry during the World's Fair.

*

The prohibition department has announced that it will ignore the small violator. The small violator has long held this attitude toward the prohibition department.



The woman who constantly rearranges furniture moves to the country.

A Day with Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

6:00 A M—Wakes and howls for Mamma. Nurse orders him to hush. "Where is Mamma?" yells Little Eaglet. "Mamma is with Papa." "Where is Papa?" "Papa has taken off for that good-will flight to Mexico." Nurse takes him stunting in plane till he falls asleep.

...

7:00 A M—Bumps his head against crib. Screams for Mamma. Nurse can't quiet him so she cables Mamma to come home from Mexico.

...

9:30 A M—Mamma returns and succeeds in quieting him. Steals softly away to fly with Papa on State Department mission to Montreal.

...

10:00 A M—Junior commences steady whine for Mamma. Nurse can't do a thing so wires Mamma to hop back.

...

11:00 A M—Junior discovers Mamma has gone again and almost tears down the roof. Nurse cables Mamma to come home from Honolulu.

12:30 P M—When Junior learns Mamma has flown away again with Papa to Philippines he refuses his lunch. Declares he'll go on hunger strike until Mamma's return.

...

2:00 P M—Mamma comes home from the Philippines and Junior has his lunch.

4:00 P M—Junior gets in mood to play cops and robbers with his Papa, but Papa, he is informed, is somewhere in China.

...

6:00 P M—Papa has been located and returns to play cops and robbers.

...

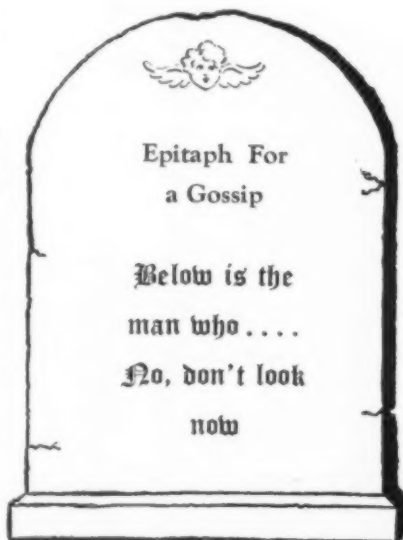
7:00 P M—Junior is put to sleep for the night. Papa and Mamma rush away to complete that tour over the Orient in time to get back before Little Eaglet awakens in the morning. —Arthur Erenberg.

Burnt Up

They are saying that Clara Bow quit the movies because she saw a sign outside a movie house which read, "Clara Bow In Her Latest Picture Of Passion And Youthful Folly—20 DEGREES COOLER INSIDE."

New High

And the height of tough luck would be an ex-marine entering a travel contest and winning a trip to Nicaragua.



The Shortest Name Contest

AMERICA'S hopes of retaining the Frisbie Cup, awarded annually to the possessor of the shortest family name, received a setback when *H. P. Re*, former titlist, passed away at his home in Coldwater, Mich. This loss, coming on the heels of the announcement that *J. Ur* (seeded star of Torrington, Ct.) is out of condition and may not compete, made France a 3 to 1 favorite to cop the famous trophy.

The Frisbie Cup is a small demitasse on which the name of the winner is annually inscribed. Though it has been in competition for scores of years, the names are so short that they cover only one side of the trophy, and in all probability it will be another century before the cup is replaced by a new one. Always provided, of course, that the names don't get longer—which the Health Department claims is a result of better education and a higher standard of living.

Mr. Frisbie was a pioneer in the Shorter Name Movement, and changed his own unwieldy cognomen to *Aargh*, so as to be the lead-off man in the telephone book. Others welcomed the idea, and before long there



"So since I ain't your best friend, I figured I was the feller to tell you."

were such patronyms as *Aardvark*, *Aab*, and *Aaa* in the dictionary, pushing old *Mr. Aaron* (who for years had enjoyed pre-eminence) way back on page 3. He promptly filed suit, but even while the case was being tried (*Aaron vs. Aaaa*, Mass. VI 236 p. 8), a Boston gentleman incorporated himself as the *A.A.A.A.* (*Amateur Athletic Association of America*) and has held top position ever since, though he is not recognized as champion in New Jersey.

FOILED in their attempt to break into the front page of the telephone book, others concentrated on the back, and hatched up such charming names as *Zygote*, *Zyx*, and *Zzyzz*. One enterprising fellow tried to have himself entered as *&*, but by this time the telephone company was getting sore and called a halt. There were practically no names at all in the middle of the directory—nothing but blank pages—and the whole last half of the book looked like the titles of Mexican volcanoes. So they stopped fooling around with the alphabet and started this Shortest Name Contest.

Our Frisbie Cup team this year is composed of *Al Ek*, *Alfred de la O*, *E. Py*, and *C. Sy*—most of them youngsters just out of college, unseasoned by international competition. Will they defend the trophy successfully against France's veterans, or are they doomed to failure? That is a question in regard to which I, personally, do not give a damn. But the papers seem to be pretty excited about it.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

The Last Straw

The first sign of autumn is when it is no longer necessary to keep a watchful eye on your straw hat in a restaurant.



"Good morning, madam. You want men to like your cooking, don't you?"

Sleep Staggering

FIRST SOMNAMBULIST—Can you sleep well since you came here?

SECOND SOMNAMBULIST—No, I haven't been able to get into my stride at all.

I Love Teacher

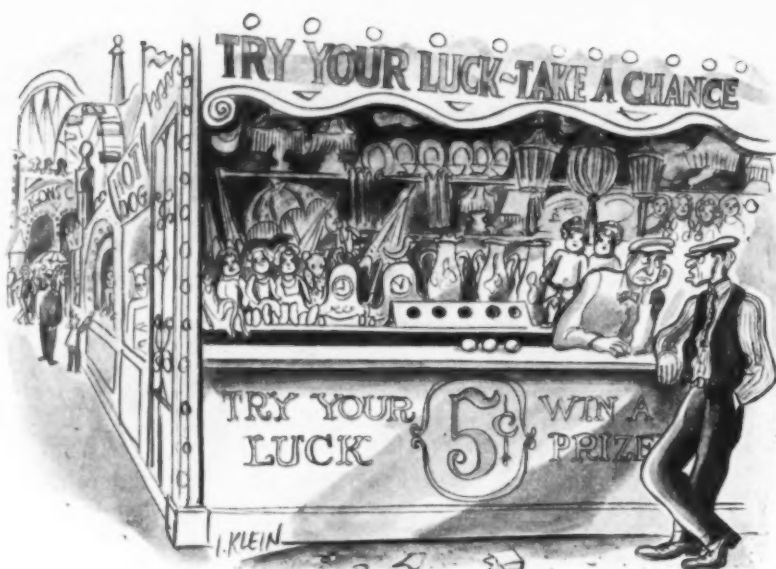
A student publication of Columbia University asserts married women are more capable teachers than unmarried ones. Men will agree.

Happy Daze

"Delighted to have met you. Come over some evening soon, and bring your husband."

"Thank you so much, but we never go anywhere, you see my husband is paralyzed. . . ."

"Don't mind that, dear, my husband's that way half the time himself."



"Gee, Joe, I wonder what's happened to de morons."

Foolish Famine

I thought it wise to go away;
To let your arms be free . . .
That you might glance around each
day,
Comparing girls to me!

There may be one whose smile may
seem
More pleasing to your lips . . .
Whose eyes are like some cloudy
dream
Through which the Starlight slips!

Perhaps you'll find a gentler hand,
A far more soothing breast;
Or one who'll really understand,
Who'll bring you quiet rest!

Oh, I've been fair to let you search,
And incidentally dumb!
For you have left me in the lurch,
With Pride my only crumb!

—E. L.

You Go My Way and I'll Go Yours

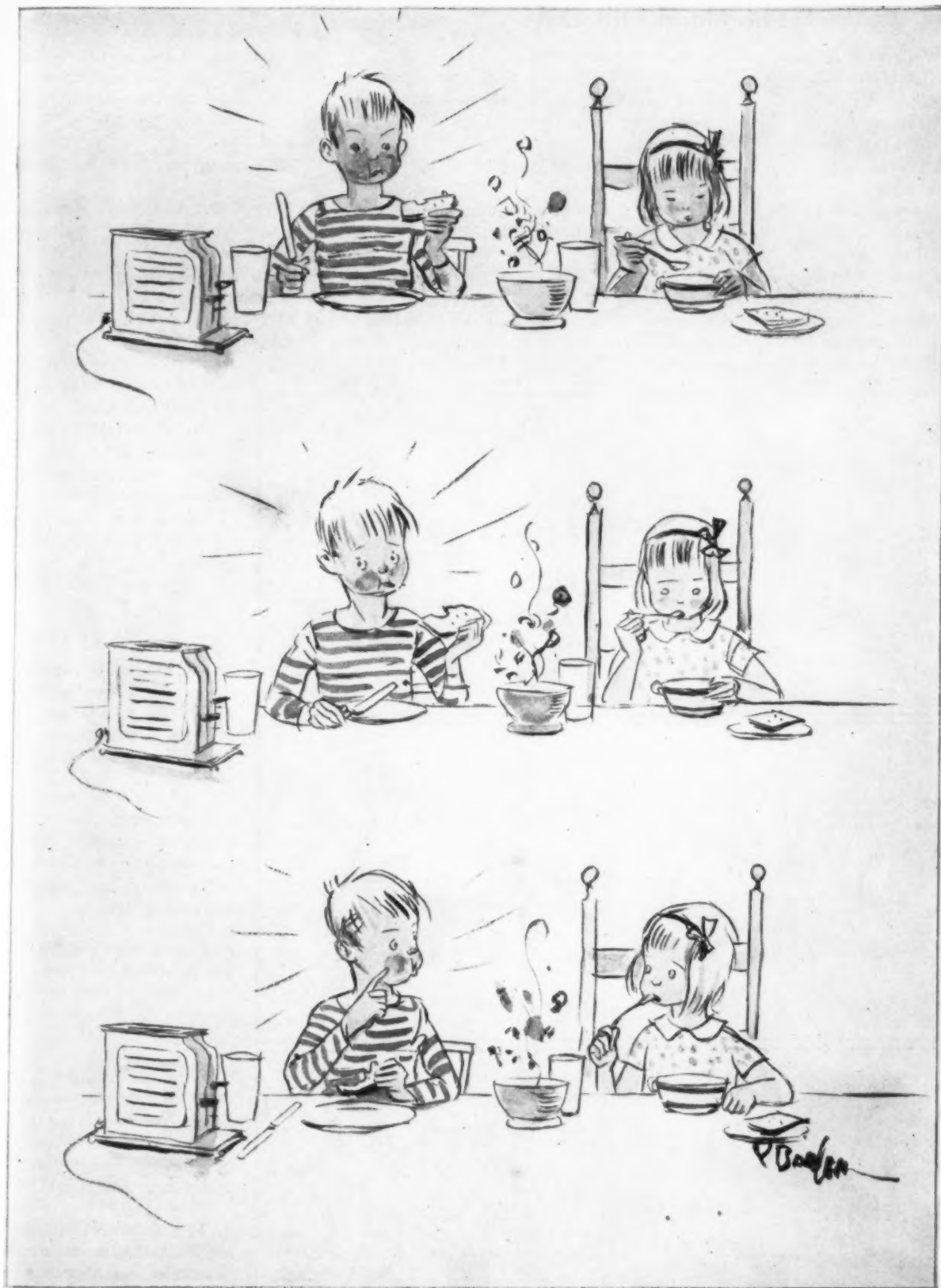
Each of two army officers stationed at Fortress Monroe married the other's divorced wife. If that doesn't work the friendship should be disbanded.

Kicked Out So Kick In

Mrs. Mickey Walker has sued for her husband's share of the receipts in the Sharkey bout, alleging he put her out of their home. In other words, since he gave her the gate she wants it.



"Do you believe in reincarnation, madam?"
"You'll have to wait until my husband comes home."



SONNY AND PATRICIA.

"Patricia, do you hear as much noise as I hear?"

The Good Old Days

"Well, well, well, if it isn't good old Jack Hunter! Haven't seen you in years!"

"Hello, er—"

"Stiver. Ed Stiver."

"Of course, good old Ed Stiver! Well, what do you know about that? We were in college the last time I saw you."

"I'll say! Weren't they the good old days, though? I can remember all the times we had together."

"Me too. I can remember the time—er I can remember—Well, do you remember the time Berkeley Hall

burned down?"

"Do I! As though it were yesterday. And I can remember—well, old boy, we sure had some high old times together, didn't we?"

"I'll say!"

"Uh huh."

"Ah—how are things going?"

"O. K. How are they with you?"

"Oh, all right. How—Well, it's a pretty mild summer they've been giving us, eh?"

"Yep, you don't often see one so mild. Hardly any heat at all."

"That's right. I never saw so little

heat. They don't seem to give us such hot summers these days."

"Yeah, that's a fact, isn't it. Well, I guess business is going to pick up."

"Uh huh. I think it's picking up a little. It wasn't so good for a while, was it?"

"It certainly wasn't. It was pretty bad."

"Yep. Pretty bad. Well, that's the way with everything. Good sometimes, and bad sometimes."

"You said it. Ah—er, how've you been since I saw you?"

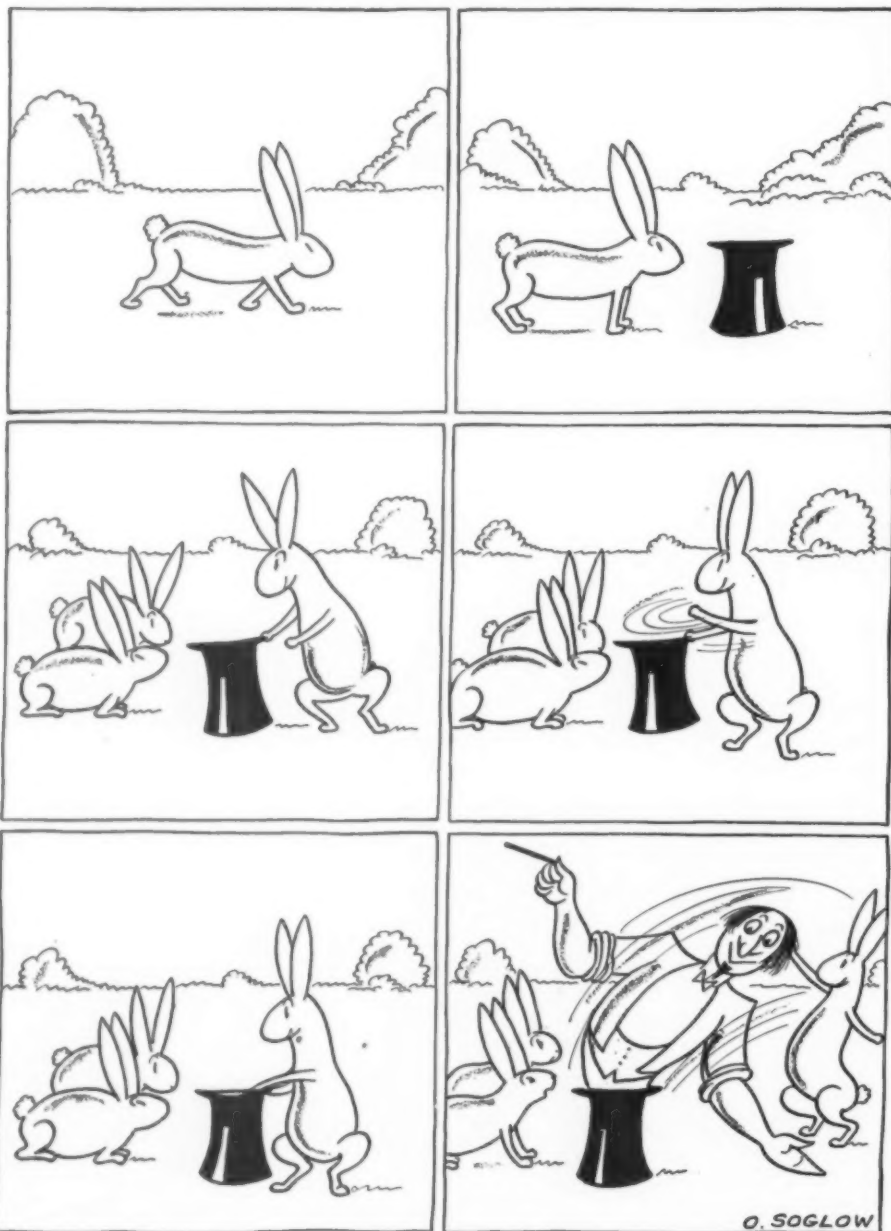
"Fine. I can't kick. I'm usually pretty healthy."

"Me too. Healthy almost all the time. Once in a while I get sick, but I can't kick."

"Uh huh. Well, I've got to be stepping along. Say, it's sure been nice to see you and talk over the old days."

"You said it. That's the way I feel. Let's have lunch some—" etc.

—Parke Cummings.



On the Grand Scale

1. Mrs. Eunice M. Antoonian charged she suffered personal injuries due to a leaking gas meter in her home, so she sued the gas company for thirty-five million dollars.

2. The police chiefs of Texas held a convention in Juarez, and consumed seven hundred and twelve dollars' worth of beer at one sitting.

3. The Maharajah Hari Singh was so overjoyed at the birth of an heir, that he distributed presents to fifteen million people.

4. King Zog of Albania ordered an Austrian jeweler to make to order for him a twenty-two hundred piece service of sterling silver heavily plated with gold.

5. The National Confectioners' Association reports the invention of a machine which will enable a man to turn out more than a million all-day suckers a week.

—W. E. Farbstein.



NEW CADDY: *D'ya notice, Mr. Mack, I'm comin' about that much closer to findin' the ball than I did yesterday?*

Just a Pal

They say that Autumn is the time when folks are reunited,
When friendships are renewed again and faiths
once more are plighted.

But I don't wait for Autumn to be amiable and mellow.
The seasons do not matter to a *really* friendly fellow!

In Summer I grow lonesome for the old familiar faces
Provided they're proprietors of pleasant country places.

In Summer I feel surges of sincere and deep devotion
For friends that I've neglected who have houses
on the ocean.

I've week-ends free for *all* of them—the boring,
wise and witty—
As long as they own cottages adjacent to the city!

—Arthur Lippmann.



"Well, thank goodness this manuscript is almost completed."



Life Looks About

Change of Heart Needed

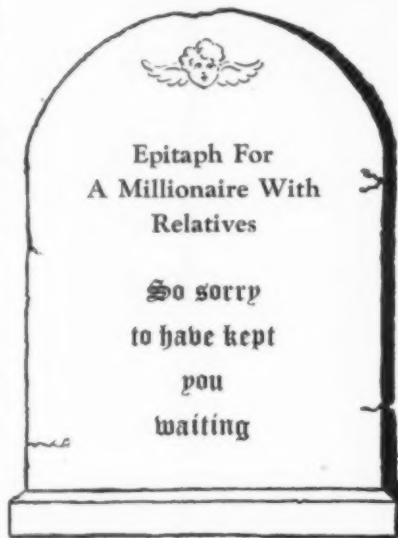
WHAT Europe needs is a change of heart. She has passed all the necessary resolutions that should lead to a better life but she has not yet succeeded in leading it.

Senator Borah's article on Europe in *Collier's* for July 18th had more truth in it than one would expect. He was not for canceling the war debts until he had better assurance than at present that the cancellation would do good and particularly would do some good to the United States. He said Europe was spending two billions and a half a year on armament and it was that, rather than what she paid to the United States, that was the main cause of her distress. France discloses frankly enough that she depends upon force provided by herself to get what is coming to her. France holds fast to the Treaty of Versailles. Apparently she wants no changes. She objected to the customs treaty between Austria and Germany as contrary to the Treaty of Versailles. That matter is under advisement now by the World Court. She made delays and difficulties about the moratorium, and impaired its power to help. Some kind and judicious friend ought to whisper in the ear of France that if she continues to make the mistake of pursuing a dream for her own welfare at the cost of the welfare of the rest of Europe her bluff will presently be called. If her policies result in continuing economic depression a strong enough combination will naturally result to upset them. Nobody is going to prosper at the cost of the rest of the world, but it may still take a year or two, or perhaps three or four, to have that demonstrated.

IT is a sad thought that it should be such a serious scrape for an individual to fall into the hands of the United States and be subject to the powers of its officials. When judges

sentence prisoners to death do they still put on black caps and wind up with "and God have mercy on your soul"? Perhaps so, but it seems a little formal for this time and country and may have gone out of use, but the terminating formula quoted is well suited to cases where the destiny of a human being is determined by the agents of federal power.

One of the complaints of the Wickersham Commission is about the federal prisons, another is about the enforcement of deportation laws as administered by the Department of



Labor, another about the "third degree" as widely used by police. Nine of the eleven members of the Commission agreed that "unconstitutional, tyrannic and oppressive" methods of arrest and examination have been applied to supposed aliens. The "plainest dictates of humanity" have been violated and the enforcing agency has used despotic powers. Yes, we know about that; some of us by personal knowledge of bad cases, others have read about them in the newspapers. Mr. Doak, Secretary of Labor, says the bad cases happened before the present administration came in. The Wickersham Commission recommends a special court of appeals from the despotic decisions of the Department of Labor. Probably that would have to go to Congress, which makes it seem far off.

THE Wickersham Commission has now ceased. How shall we reward it for its long labors, particularly Mr. Wickersham? He has worked hard and suffered much. He has had little praise and most of that formal. He has encountered volumes of execration all lively and some of it penetrating. How much, if anything, has been accomplished by his labors and those of the gentlemen who have worked with him remains to be seen, but expectation of help from them is not yet very lively.

Mr. Wickersham ought to be rewarded, he ought to go to the House of Lords, but we haven't any House of Lords. We have a telephone book and he has gone into that, and that may be about as good, but one would like to see him in the Senate except for some archaic views he holds.

Let us hope he has enjoyed his work, for that is likely to be all the advantage he will get out of it, though as a trustee of the Cathedral of St. John and a strong backer of the Episcopal Church he might have prayers said for him and eventually perhaps a portrait sculpture in the Cathedral.

IT is a fact that there is not much news just now except the weather, flying men and crime. Accidents do what they can and are faithful to the needs of news. If there were new books that were readable they might be made known. Perhaps there are new books that are readable!

Nobody has complained of Theodore Roosevelt's portrait on the five cent stamp. It does not look like him. It is not characteristic of him in any particular. The postage stamps in his administration were the best lookers we have had in a hundred years. The coins that he was implicated in giving us are first class and still in use. There ought to be a better picture of him on the five cent stamp—one taken in riding clothes and a riding stock in his hand or maybe a tennis racquet, but not such a picture as the present one which might be a Congressman, a dry goods clerk or even a paragrapher. It is an all right kind of picture for the like say of Calvin Coolidge.

—E. S. Martin.



"If we can get some good jazz now it will be perfect."



"That will be all for today, gentlemen."

Then It Happened

"Well, Gus, how about another little drink?"

"No thanks, Joe, I think I'll have to declare a moratorium. I'm feeling a little woozy."

"Uh huh. Maybe it's just as well. Say, how did your golf go today?"

"Pretty good at first. Or at least I was ahead, because Bill couldn't do anything but slice. Then all of a sudden he began to get hot. I guess he must have declared a moratorium on shots into the rough."

"Er—yeah. By the way, you wouldn't consider taking in a good show this evening, would you?"

"Joe, I'd love to, but I just can't afford it. I've simply got to declare a moratorium on expensive amusements until business begins to pick up."

"Ah—uh huh. Finances not so good, eh?"

"I'll say not. The roofing paper business is simply terrible. I guess just about everybody in the country has declared a mor—Hey, Joe! Look out, there! You're not going to hit me with that axe, are you?"

L I F E

The Barber Shop Dirge

Comb gently, friend barber,
My fast thinning hair;
Where once thickets clustered
The soil is now bare.

Comb gently, friend barber,
And make your hand deft
To get the most good from
The locks I have left.

Bestow my few treasures
With just the right knack
So ladies' keen glances
May not note a lack.

A bit more to left, please,
Above the ear, so.
And, presto! One bald spot
No longer need show.

A brush and a flourish,
And those two long locks
Will work for the twenty
Gone west with my stocks.

Comb gently, friend barber,
Behind and before,
And I'll look the right side
Of forty once more! —D. D.



"Sambo, where did you all git dat white eye?"

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

by Baird Leonard

AUGUST 6.—Lay late, recovering from last evening's revelry, to which the Yacht Club Boys from New York contributed a number of ballads deriving in no way from the hymnal, but, for all our importuning, they did refuse to give us "My Canary Has Circles Under Its Eyes." Finally up, doing on my brown and white chiffon, and so to the Otesaga to call on the Smiths, and when I did marvel at the magnitude of their rooms, Agnes told me that she had already acquired fallen arches from walking about them whilst dressing for dinner. Then to join Samuel in the village, greatly wroth when he did confess to having inadvertently dropped my shopping list into the mail box along with my letters. Beholding a complete set of garnet jewelry in the local jeweler's window, I was astonished to find myself entering the shop and purchasing the same, having long cherished a fine scorn of all antique jewelry not fashioned by Benvenuto Cellini, and considering baubles even of that distinction suitable only for display under or behind glass, but I was unable to resist the charm of the pendant earrings, in especial as they did match perfectly the color of my newest evening frock. So home, regretful that the heat of the day did keep me from going to Saratoga to see Pete and Bobby ride in the opening steeplechase. Lynn Mayfield for luncheon, and he did tell us how he had wakened up one morning after having done himself too well the previous night and had demanded his whereabouts of his valet, who responded, "The Ritz", whereupon Lynn, because of that hotel chain's uniformity of interior decoration, had quickly asked, "New York, London, Naples or Paris?"

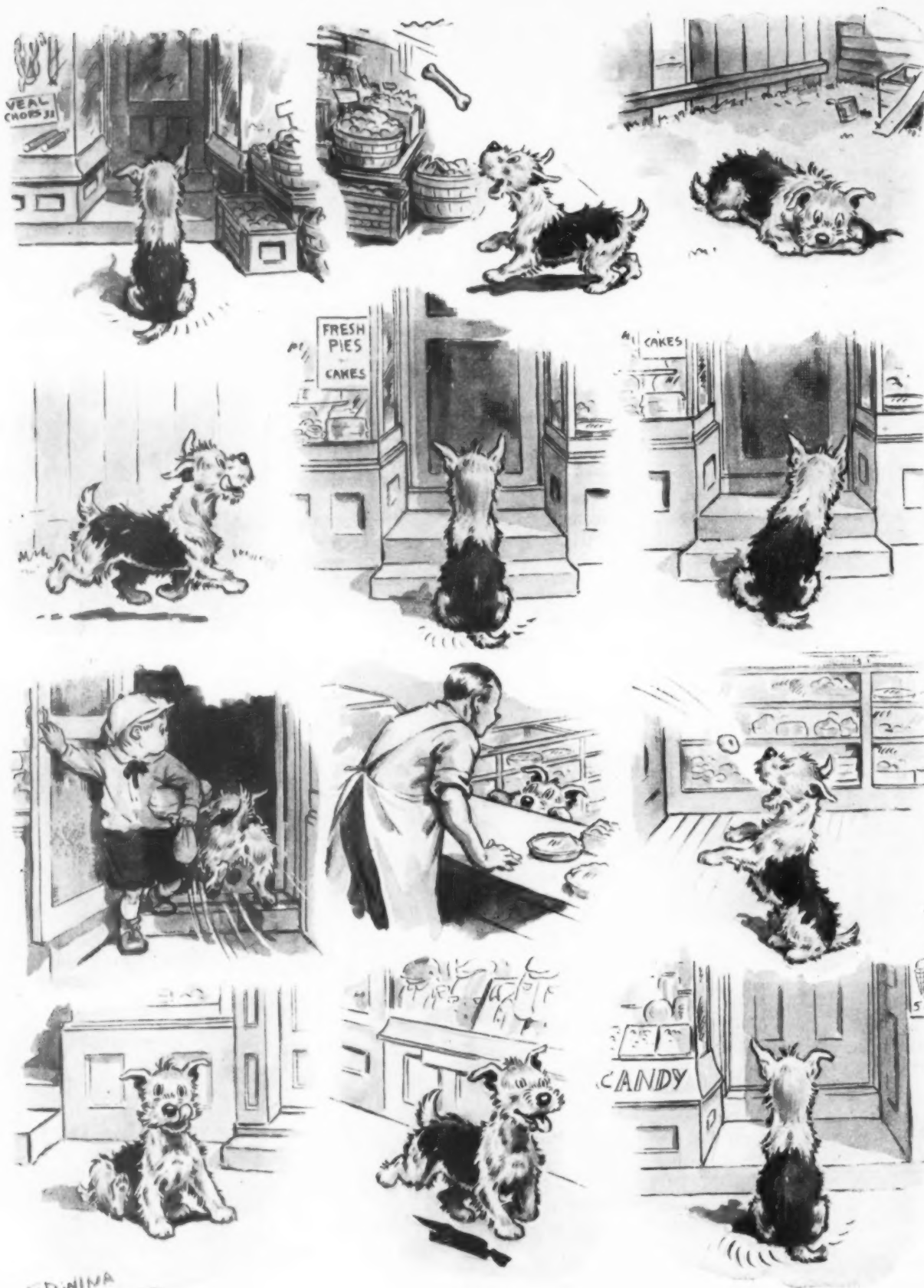
AUGUST 7.—A long letter by the first post from Marge Boothby, the poor wretch being again in hospital, having been seized with such a giddiness whilst walking along Lexington Avenue that she was obliged to sit down in one of the large containers placed on corners by the Department of Street Cleaning, and might have been arrested as an inebriate had not Algy Markham hap-

pened along and rescued her from the clutches of the constabulary. Moreover, her blood pressure did speedily force up the indicator to an altitude which caused the surgeon's eyes almost to pop from his head, so I am confident that Marge is once more in her element, and were I able to visit her with food and floral offerings, I should probably not condone with her, but simply say, "Move over!", an imperative to which I am usually prompted on sympathetic excursions to hospitals. Minded by Marge's calamity of my duties to other invalids closer at hand, I did motor over to see poor Lucy Hamlin, who, bedridden and therefore having small use for other apparel than matinées and teagowns, does delight in ordering the latest models from Paris for the sheer pleasure of

beholding them, and when I quoted Jennie Allen's query, "What's the use of him studyin' Latin? He won't never go there" to my husband on our way home, Samuel recalled the ancient pronouncement that albeit a person may have one foot in the grave, that is no reason why he should not wear a white spat on the other. At home all the afternoon, reading Willa Cather's "Shadows on the Rock", which reawakened my scepticism about the intelligence of some of the ransomed saints, and inspired me with a great longing to visit Quebec under other auspices than those of the Thousand Islands Yacht Club.



"I hope you won't take it personally, General, when I say I am opposed to war."



EDWINA

SINBAD.
The racketeer.

GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by Jack Kofoed

ROLAND HANCOCK stood on the seventeenth tee of the Olympia Fields Country Club, with the rainbow's bag of gold hanging, so to speak, under his nose.

Hancock was a big, rangy youngster from the South. His reputation as a golfer had so far been confined to the Carolinas . . . but now the telegraph instruments in the press-room flung his name in hysterical dots-and-dashes to every newspaper office in the country.

Standing on the seventeenth tee he needed only two 5's to win the National open golf championship. . . . Two 5's . . . and the holes were par 4's.

It was not a difficult task, this one that lay before him. Under ordinary conditions young Roland Hancock could have done it with one hand. . . . But these were not ordinary conditions. The fairway down which he looked was lined on both sides with thick fringes of interested spectators.

Bobby Jones and Johnny Farrell, who were tied for the lead, paced nervously about the eighteenth green . . . waiting to see if a green country boy could beat them out. . . . Before Roland's mind's eye flared a first page newspaper streamer: "Hancock Wins National Open!"

It was a chance that seldom comes more than once in a lifetime. Macdonald Smith, one of the greatest of all stylists, had been trying for twenty years with nothing but failure for his portion. . . . The great Hagen's last successful thrust had been in 1919. . . . Mehlhorn, Farrell, Cruickshank, all had reached in vain for the silver cup.

Now, he, Roland Hancock, barely twenty-one years old, needed only two 5's to win the most coveted honor in his profession.

HE waggled his driver. Outwardly he appeared cool enough. . . . But his heart began to drum heavily. . . . There was a hint of weakness in his knees.

They said the National open was worth fifty thousand dollars to the winner . . . what with exhibition matches and advertising blurbs and

syndicated articles and all that sort of thing. . . . Fifty thousand dollars hanging on two holes of golf. . . . It was a high stake . . . a frightfully big one.

Hancock tried to relax . . . to forget the prize. As well for a man walking to the execution chamber to forget the gruesome chair behind the little green door. . . . He drove, lashing out with every ounce of power he had in his big body . . . and the ball soared in an atrocious hook to the rough.



The Carolinian walked down the lane of curious and sympathetic people . . . like a fighter punch-drunk. . . . His caddie handed him a club. It isn't likely that he even knew what it was. . . . He played the shot quite mechanically

ly . . . and knew that he hadn't reached the green or even come close to it. . . . Someone was talking to him. . . . He didn't know who, or what the fellow was saying.

Open champion! That's what he would be if he could get those two easy 5's . . . so damnably easy any other time . . . so frightfully hard now.

When Hancock putted out on the



. . . Fifty thousand dollars, hanging on two holes of golf . . .

seventeenth green he had taken a 6. . . . Imagine that! There was a cold little thrill of horror in his heart. He had to get a 4 on the home hole. . . . He had made 4's there before. . . . All he had to do was play his game . . . just plain golf shots . . . the sort he made every day

at home without half trying. . . . That was it. . . . He hadn't been half trying then. . . . Now he was trying too hard . . . and his heart was in his throat and his nerves twitching like one of those toy frogs you hold on your palm.

COMPETITIVE golf gets you like that, because there is no violent physical effort to mitigate the nervous strain. Roland understood for the first time why Bobby Jones lost so much weight during a tournament, why Leo Diegel came to the tee with shaking hands and blood-shot eyes.

After the final drive Hancock kept telling himself that all he needed was a good shot to the green . . . a straight, long iron such as Cruickshank had made at Inwood and Armour at Oakmont when the pressure was tightest. . . . Then he found his ball resting on a bare and rutty bit of ground . . . a bad lie, indeed, for the shot he had to make. Afterward Hancock learned that it was ground under repair . . . he could have dropped his ball on the kindly grass without penalty . . . but he took his club . . . made his shot . . . and the instant he made it he realized with sickly intensity that it was not the sort Armour or Cruick-

shank had made. . . .

It was a wretched, half-hit shot . . . and his chance for the open championship was irrevocably gone.

At the club-house the stocky, ruddy-cheeked Jones and the slim

Irishman, Farrell, smiled in sudden relief.

They would play off tomorrow for the title . . . and the big boy from Carolina, who had tossed away the greatest opportunity ever given a golfer, would be relegated to the oblivion reserved for runners-up.



Great Minds At Work

After more than twenty years of promenading the metropolitan highways and byways, I am continually surfeited with daily thrills.

—O. O. McIntyre.

America has given the world only dentistry.

—Karl Radex.

It is easy to stand hard times, because that's the only thing you can do.

—George Horace Lorimer.

"The population of the United States is today 122,000,000. A reasonable estimate of the position is that 100,000,000 people are obeying the dry law."

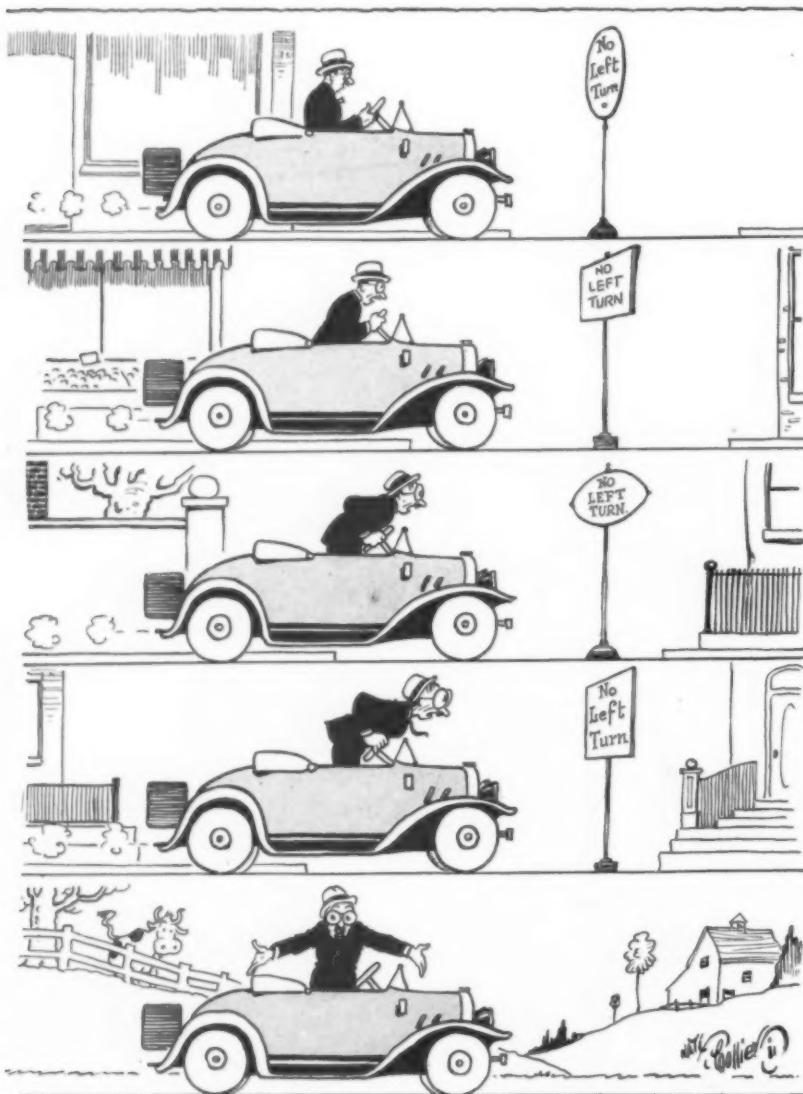
—Commander Evangeline Booth.

Never before has a girl had so much opportunity to know men from so many angles.

—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

You can get rich and die rich anywhere on the round earth, if you know how.

—Arthur Brisbane.



The man who wanted to turn left.



Romance and adventure! A business man lives it from morning till night.

Merle Thorpe.

Kissing is the result of two sets of emotional cellular vibrations which attract each other and become harmoniously merged into a rich chord of contact.

—Dr. Josiah Oldfield.

I have demonstrated that an official can visit France and come back without drinking.

—Mayor John C. Porter,
of Los Angeles.

Heat Prostration

There is a letter I must write,
A call to make: the plumber, too:
The tickets for a show to-night . . .
A natty little lot to do:

The bills: I know they should have been

Attended to around the first
Of August: is it not a sin
How they accumulate? The worst

Of having things is that they must
Be taken care of: at the least
A kitchen pipe is sure to rust,
A motor must be oiled and greased . . .

Heigh ho! A hammock, though, is nice,
C₂H₅HO and ice!

—Wilfred J. Funk.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

An Irishman with No Sense of Humor . . .

I HAVE only known one Irishman in my life who had no sense of humor," remarked a cabinet officer at a recent dinner party.

"Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana," chorused three of his fellow guests, almost as though they had rehearsed it.

Somebody suggested another, but it turned out he was a left hander.

Teapot Dome, plus the fact that Edward B. McLean was an unusually stupid liar, made Walsh a national figure. Up to that time he was just an earnest senator, making speeches on constitutional questions in the Senate, and hounding the department heads and bureau chiefs for favors for his constituents.

The Montana solon really owes a debt of gratitude to Ed McLean. The Teapot Dome investigation was dragging along, getting nowhere. Finally the fact that Fall had used nearly \$100,000 in currency was disclosed. He said he had borrowed it from Ed McLean. McLean said this was true. But the committee could find no bank record, and, faced with this, McLean broke down and confessed he had lied, and had been asked by Fall to lie.

The fat was in the fire. Doheny had to tell about the black satchel, and the investigation was a success.

Walsh went up to the Madison Square Garden Convention with a reasonable hope that Smith and McAdoo would kill each other off, and he would be the compromise—a Catholic, thus appeasing the fanatical Smith adherents, and a Dry, thus appeasing, presumably, the South.

"But you will never get nominated wearing such disreputable clothes," said several of his admirers, "Look at that belt."

They bought him a new belt, and some other snappy things from the haberdasher. Walsh dutifully wore them while he presided over the convention, doing, incidentally, a remarkably fine job considering the bitterness of the fights and the intolerance of nearly everyone concerned.

But he was unhappy. Every time he looked down at the belt buckle it seemed as though he were someone else. It seemed almost immodest. After he declined the vice presidential nomination he discarded the fine raiment. Led by Mrs. Harriman, however, several Washington ladies have kept after him, and occasionally he bursts forth with a newly pressed suit.

Now they are talking about him for vice president again—as running mate for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He paid a visit to the New York governor a few weeks back, and is understood to have made quite a strong case for himself. As a Catholic he might placate the disgruntled Smith element. As a Dry he



"Remember, the customer is always right."

will balance Roosevelt's wetness. He is from the West and Roosevelt from the East. He agrees with Roosevelt on water power and most other issues. Stranger things could happen.

AS an automobile driver the senator is an excellent orator. He uses gestures, sometimes with both hands, and woe to the driver ahead if he has to stop suddenly while the senator is in the middle of a paragraph. It's pretty tough on the bumpers. And on the nerves of the senator's passengers. Red lights and stop signs are nothing in his life if he is expounding some technical point of constitutional law, or the iniquity of the Republicans.

The senator is as slow and careful

in playing golf as he is speedy and unconcerned in driving. He was a member of the famous senatorial foursome, out at Chevy Chase Country Club, when his Democratic colleague, Joe Robinson, knocked down a doctor who insisted on playing through. The senatorial golfers thought senatorial courtesy applied to the golf links, no matter how long they chose to search for lost balls, nor how thoughtfully they considered the terrain before putting. Incidentally there were many sighs of relief from club members when they heard this particular foursome had been broken up.

FRRIENDS of Robinson say that if it had been Walsh who knocked down the player who insisted on going through, everyone would have thought it was all right. People are like that about Walsh. There is scarcely a man in public life about whose utter integrity and ability the people are so confident. He does things right along that, if done by some reactionary Republican, would bring a storm of attack.

For instance, Ruth Hanna McCormick was nearly murdered politically, last year, because she said she would abide by a state referendum on prohibition. Walsh, although even dryer, if possible, than Mrs. McCormick, made the same promise and was not even attacked.

While the steam of Teapot Dome was still scalding, and suspicion was pointing almost everywhere, it was disclosed that Senator Walsh had suggested to Doheny that the oil magnate take in Walsh's brother as a partner in some Montana oil enterprise. Nearly anyone else would have been flayed alive, but the people knew Walsh was honest and sincere, so they just chuckled a little over his embarrassment.

Walsh stormed down to the federal power commission and obtained a site for water power, for some constituents in Montana. They promptly sold the site to Electric Bond and Share. But no radical critic of the "Power Trust" criticised. It was Walsh. So what was done was in the public interest.

He was seventy one last June, but—he may yet sit in the White House.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Star Witness"

TO Warner Brothers goes the credit for offering the most powerful film sermon to date against the gangster. The construction of the story of "The Star Witness" is far from expert, and this lack of polish makes some of the events seem forced, but the big punch is there in the final analysis, and we promise that you will leave the theatre with a feeling of personal animosity toward gangland that you did not have before.

In the past these racketeer films have, for the most part, confined their stories to the gangster in relation to other gangsters. This one gives a convincing picture of what happens when the average private American citizen gets in the way of the hoodlum.

After seeing the film there will still be a question in your mind as to whether or not you would testify in court against a gangster if you thought it would bring danger to your family. It is doubtful if one citizen in a thousand would display the moral courage shown by Charles "Chic" Sale, as the old Civil War veteran who is the star witness . . . particularly if the life of a child was at stake . . . and the story is very heedful (with clumsy methods) in removing some of the obstacles to Mr. Sale's heroism before the final scenes in the courtroom.

However, the film does, at all times, present the gangster in his true rôle . . . a potential menace to everything that is decent and respectable. It will take a lot of public sentiment to bring about an honest effort on the part of the forces of law to eradicate this menace . . . and pictures like "The Star Witness" will help.

Mr. Sale, Frances Starr and Walter Huston head a cast that has been selected with rare judgment. Every member turns in a creditable job. And the big bouquet goes to William A. Wellman for his intelligent direction.

"Reckless Hour"

HERE is one for the book. For years we have been expecting something like this to creep into the movies, and is my face red just at the thought of it.

Not that we blame (or credit) Will

Hays and his little group of Pure Minds for what goes on in "Reckless Hour." We have seen enough of their work in the past to realize that they "just didn't understand." Well, we hate to break your heart, Will, but here is the truth . . . and you are old enough to know.

Dorothy Mackaill is very much in love with a man who makes her promises and keeps her out all night . . . or vice versa. Ah! These trusting women. I've often wondered where you find them. So really it was a "Reckless Night," but would Will Hays allow such a title as that? Don't be silly. Will has our morals to consider, such as they are, and we should appreciate the efforts of our National Sex Kibitzer to make the movies safe for morons.

Some time after Dorothy has her hour she finds herself in an interesting condition, though we have always thought the word badly chosen. So she decides to go to a Rest-Home. A little boy sitting in front of us with his mother said, "Where's she going, Ma?"

"She's going to a Rest-Home, dear," she replied, "and don't talk so loud."

"What's she going there for, Ma?" "Because she is expecting a visit from the storky, porky, and don't ask any more questions, darling, or I'll pop you one."

So out to the Rest-Home went Dorothy. After a reel or two she emerged and we stood by patiently awaiting the big moment when she would confront her betrayer, lead him to a door, open it, point an accusing finger at a sleeping babe, and say, "You must do the right thing and give our child a name . . . I mean a last name." But as no babe appeared we began worrying, and then the cute little boy in the seat ahead piped up.

"Say Ma," he yelled. "What happened to that Stork?"

Then, suddenly, we *knew* . . .

And that, my little friends, is how birth-control came to the movies. It is, to the best of our knowledge, its first appearance in the Sin-ema. We trust that it will not be the last as it adds an element of guesswork that makes the stories more interesting and lends itself nicely to the making of friendly bets with companions or folks in nearby seats.

We would advise you to see "Reck-

less Hour" if for no other reason than to view this delightful innovation, but as an additional inducement, the film offers excellent performances by Miss Mackaill, H. B. Warner, Joe Donahue (with many of his famous brother Jack's gestures), Joan Blondell, Walter Byron and Conrad Nagel.

At the moment the name of the author escapes us, but we presume that the discontinuity was suggested by Margaret Sanger.

The movies are really an education. We had a smattering of knowledge about birth-control before seeing this picture, but for the first time we know what causes Rest-Homes.

"Transatlantic"

THIS is one of those films that just misses rating the elaborate adjectives. Starting with Director William K. Howard's smartly conceived impression of a transatlantic ship-sailing, the picture takes you aboard the liner, introduces a love intrigue and murder mystery that hold the interest every minute, and then, with the climax at hand—and seemingly a simple thing to bring about—Mr. Howard gets interested in a gun fight between two crooks in the engine room of the ship and becomes so intrigued with trick photography that the situation loses reality and the film ends in a slide.

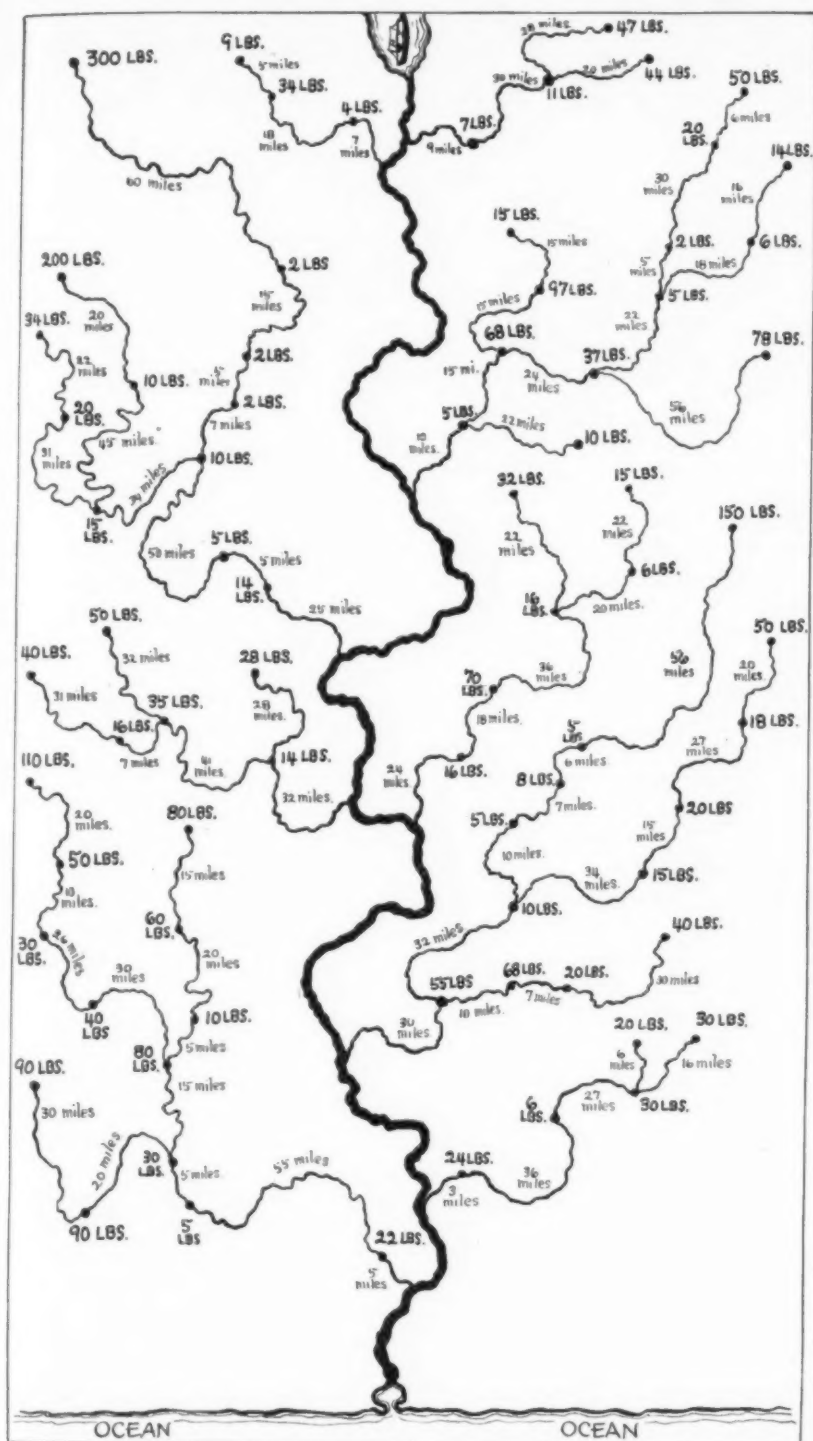
Because of a heavy Swedish accent, Greta Nissen has been kept out of the talkies until recently, but by hard work she has overcome this difficulty sufficiently to merit a contract. She is a beautiful woman and an accomplished actress, and it is a pleasure to see her perform again. We only hope that her employers do not condemn her to the vampire rôles which cramped her style in the silent films.

Another actress whose work we always find charming is Lois Moran, a girl who, to this reviewer, typifies the quality of genteel "niceness" that the movies need so badly. Miss Moran's work in this film is outstanding.

The performances of Edmund Lowe, Myrna Loy, John Halliday, and Billy Bevan are also commendable.

"Transatlantic" is a good picture that might easily have been a great one. See it.

How Much Rubber Can You Get in 300 Miles?



IF you have anything else to do don't start on this. If not—

You are in your little red steamboat at the headwaters of a tropical river. You have coal enough to steam 300 miles *upstream*. Coming downstream you *drift*, using no coal. This map

shows how much rubber you can get at various points located *upstream* in several tributaries. For instance, at the first tributary to which the boat drifts (on the right) you will have to steam upstream *9 miles* for *7 pounds*. Then you could go after the big loads fur-

Crazy Tales

Join the Crazy and See the World!
Learn geography in just a few
wheezy lessons!

Here below are printed a few otherwise unprintable jokes and it's up to you to locate the answers. After you arrive, like any other tourist, you merely wonder why.

For example:

Archibald and Henry were quarreling.

"I've no use for you, Archibald," said Henry. "Because *the name of a South American country big bum!*"
Ans. "Uruguay."

Get it? What Henry says is "You're-a-guay big bum."

Some fun! Now go on with the insanity.

1. A tall man and a short man met in Paris. "Didn't I see you at Harry's New York Bar yesterday?" inquired the short one.

"No," replied the tall one. "It must have been *the name of a Dutch possession fellow*."

2. "Look at that girl blush!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith as she looked in at the children's party.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jones, "the poor thing is *the name of a city in Wyoming the name of a town on Long Island.*"

3. "May I come down while you're entertaining your boy friend, Mother?" inquired a very sweet young girl one morning in early autumn.

"Certainly not!" replied her parent. "You *the name of a Balkan country* room and no *the name of a city in China*."

4. The depression had hit the colored population of a little Georgia town.

"Ah jus' got six bits left," complained one darky.

"You is lucky!" replied his companion. "*The name of a Japanese island us name of an English Channel town broke.*"

(Answers on page 31)

ther up this stream or drift back to the river and steam up another tributary. The miles signs denote distances between stations. Your problem is to make the most of your 300 miles. Par for the trip is 940 pounds of rubber.

Life at Home

STONY BROOK, L. I.—This village had its first robbery in seventy-nine years. The news was broken gently to the constable, as he is rather aged and it was feared the shock might be too much for him.

CHICAGO—The reason for Joseph Bartnick's arraignment in municipal court was his insatiable appetite for furniture. He overstuffed himself with it. He would pounce on the davenport and gnaw at the leather upholstery or chew a few splinters from its frame.

"My teeth are as strong as a bear's," Joseph would say," his wife testified.

CLEVELAND—Mrs. Pauline Pitcher applied for divorce. She charged her husband had only thirty cents immediately after their marriage, and that he had gone to sleep on the kitchen floor in front of the wedding guests.

BUFFALO—Edward Hager was caught smuggling a bottle of liquor from the United States into Canada, and was fined a hundred and seven dollars. For carrying a bottle from Canada into the United States the fine is five dollars.

PEORIA, ILL.—The city council has come to the relief of citizens harassed by the heat. Street vendors have been forbidden to go about the residential districts shouting, "Hot tamales!"

BALTIMORE, MD.—Here are

some prices prevailing in the Belgian Congo:

Filling a tooth—three cents.

Pulling a tooth—one cent.

Appendix operation—\$3.

The quotations were reported by Dr. Robert King, missionary, who has just returned after 16 years in the Congo.

LOS ANGELES—"Do you see what I see?" asked Patrolman Jack Wood of Patrolman Jim Seabury in the darkness just before dawn as they cruised the streets in their radio patrol car.

"I do," said Seabury. "I see an old woman, barefooted and carrying a



"I'm going to spank you when I get you home, Jane."
"You would, Mother. You're just the type."

baseball bat. She is wearing a nightgown."

The woman proved to be Mrs. Susan E. Ransey, who, irked by the heat, went for a walk, taking the bat to ward off dogs. She admitted she was lost.

LANCASTER, OHIO—Henry Weaver worried for years over man's subservience to the lowly wheel-barrow until recently when he invented the "autobarrow." He has harnessed a motor to the barrow's wheel for propulsion and is pulled along behind on roller skates instead of having to do the pushing.

CANTON, ILL.—An ambulance owned by Stanley Foote, of Canton, was found by police to contain a miniature bar and an assortment of liquors. When customers became ill from the liquor, officers said, all Foote had to do was step on the starter and take them to the hospital.

AND ABROAD

LONDON—Tired of being told by her friends that she was too old to do this or the other thing, Mrs. A. Stanton Cooper, 67, rode off from her home at Hampton on a bicycle. She rode to Scarborough, 200 miles away, in a week, and then to show that she did not feel old, she rode back in half the time. Last year she learned to swim and this year she is going to try diving. She may take up flying later.

GENOA, ITALY—Izaak Waltons of this seaport and fishing town are all agog over a new labor-saving gadget which rings a bell, hoists a lighted lamp and gives a strong jerk to the line when a fish bites.

A demonstration by the inventor was attended by officials of fishermen's clubs, port authorities and hundreds of spectators.

A few fish were also present.

MOSCOW—The Soviet Police rounded up all the bootblacks in Moscow and sent them to the reform school, on the ground that they were conducting a "private industry." Municipal shoe-shine parlors will replace the boys.

DUNMOW, ENGLAND—Since the year 1445 married couples have appeared before "Dunmow Flitch" jury composed of six maids and six bachelors, to claim a reward of a flitch of bacon on proving that husband and wife have lived happily together for a year and a day. This year three couples took home the bacon.

"I See By the Papers . . . " by Will Johnstone



CONTRACT BRIDGE *by* ELY CULBERTSON



Ambush

I HAVE frequently found occasion to compare battles at the Bridge table with both modern and ancient warfare. Ambush, one of the devices of American Indian warfare, is also a part of Bridge strategy.

As the dummy goes down the battle is on. The bidding has been the negotiations between the allies. The opening lead is the first shot—fired by the defense.

The wise Declarer, before he touches a card plans his campaign. His first object is to make his contract. Next in his strategy should be the making of additional tricks if possible. A third objective may be forced upon him if the partnership has been over-zealous or unwise in its aspirations or if the holdings turn out to be the non-fitting type. The paramount object in that event may be to reduce loss.

In the case of trump contracts, the Declarer first determines what cards are possible losers and plans, if possible, to eliminate them by ruffs, discards or finesses. In the case of no-trump declarations, however, Declarer counts his winners and tries to increase them with finesses or the establishment of low cards as winners.

In many cases, particularly with hands in which there is no biddable suit and which open the bidding with notrump, Declarer gets into a soundly bid contract so far as honor-tricks are concerned, but difficult if not impossible to make without some brilliant maneuver to trick his opponents. Thus it was with a widely discussed Auction

hand played by a prominent English player at the Portland Club in London:

♠ Q-3	♠ K-J-6-4
♥ 5-3	♥ 10-9-8-4
♦ Q-6-5	♦ A-10-9
♣ A-9-8-7-5-2	♣ 6-4

♠ 10-9-7-2	♠ A-8-5
♥ A-Q-2	♥ K-J-7-6
♦ 8-4-3-2	♦ K-J-7
♣ 10-3	♣ K-Q-J

N	E
W	S

The bidding, at contract, would be short but accurate, and would arrive at a declaration best calculated to make game.

South	West	North	East
1 NT (1)	Pass	2 ♣ (2)	Pass
3 NT (3)	Pass	Pass	Pass

(1) The only bid in the hand. There is no biddable suit, although it contains four honor-tricks.

(2) Not a rescue. Shows a biddable suit and (at least) an honor-trick and a half—the club Ace being one and the guarded Queen of spades and the guarded Queen of diamonds together being a half.

(3) Applying the Rule of Eight, South knows that with four honor-tricks in his hand and one and a half in partner's, the hand has five and a half honor-tricks which should produce game. The even distribution of the South hand suggests to South game at notrump rather than at clubs—in which he was right.

The Play

WEST opened with his fourth best Spade. Declarer played the Queen from the North hand and East covered with the King and Declarer took the trick with his Ace.

South can now see his game gone a-glimmering unless he can out-wit his opponents. He can count six clubs as highly probable winners. The only other sure winner, however, is his Ace of spades, already in, playing which established at least three adverse spade tricks. These with the Ace of hearts and the Ace of diamonds against him could set the contract.

The important element in the situation for Declarer is the time factor. He must win his tricks before opponents win theirs. If they realize the true state of the situation in time he will be beaten. He, therefore, must postpone, if possible, the moment when opponents find out how the contract can be set. In the meantime he must snatch two essential tricks from under their very noses.

The tactics of the Declarer were similar to a ruse of American Indian warfare. He established in the minds of opponents the idea that he feared his contract was in danger. He was apparently in a panic. As with the Indians, he was crashing noisily through the forest in panic-stricken retreat, to crouch down behind some favorable rock and surprise the pursuing foe with a telling shot from ambush.

After taking the first trick Declarer rapidly played his King and Queen of clubs and then the King and Knave of diamonds.

At double-dummy, of course, all that is necessary to defeat the contract by three tricks is for East to take the first diamond lead, lead a heart through South's King-Jack and then getting back in with a spade lead from his partner, to lead another heart, this time his ten. Opponents would by this play get three spades, three hearts and a diamond trick.

DECLARER'S ruse worked, however, as it would probably work against any good player.

His play indicated that he was frantically trying to set up the Queen of diamonds, the only possible entry into the dummy, for the purpose of cashing good clubs. With three hands concealed, of course the location of the Jack of clubs is unknown to East. East's best defense seems to be to hold off with his diamond Ace to kill the dummy by slaying the Queen at the right moment.

After tricking opponents into permitting him to take his essential two diamond tricks, Declarer blandly led his Jack of clubs, overtaking it with the Ace and ran down his four remaining clubs. The rueful opponents took the four remaining tricks.

The hand at Contract which is menaced by lurking dangers for which

We Can't Be Pikers *by don herold*

MY dentist has just suggested a little dental work which he says will cost about \$2,000.

Well, they're my teeth and they're the only teeth I have and nothing is too good for my teeth (for our teeth are our life), so I suppose I ought to shoot the \$2,000, and be glad of the chance. I can't be a piker where my teeth are concerned.

This is exactly the kind of Christmas spirit my dentist expects me to have towards my teeth—this wanton willingness to shoot the moon—to yield to the bald logic and at the same time to the sweet sentiment of the situation.

Nothing is too good for my teeth—

It's all right and just dandy, except that we humans are given this opportunity to shoot the moon rather frequently nowadays.

There are so many chances to give our all . . . to shoot the works . . . to blow our wad . . . so many Christmases per annum.

It has become a merchandising formula—just put

it in the Christmas category and you've got 'em.

If you're on a trip and go into a gift shop to buy trinkets for your loved ones, you'll find wantonness expected of you . . . by every price tag.

You can't even allow yourself the sacrilegious suspicion that everything is marked double for just such sentimental suckers as yourself. Your loved ones who couldn't come along, who had to stay home—and you would stoop to notice a few dollars' exorbitance in the price of remembrances for them!

There's where stores and professional men love to catch us. That's why toy departments can sell \$150 tin

steam shovels to doting daddies . . . why 15-minute appendectomies are \$1,500 . . . why florists flourish . . . why tombstones are \$3,000 . . . why orchids have a market . . . why undertakers can get a thousand berries for a phony pine box covered with fluff . . . why the telegraph companies hook us on all the new sentimental holidays (which are being invented at the rate of about one a year).

She's our only sweetheart—it's the only gall bladder we have—Christmas comes but once a year . . . we have only one Mother . . . we're engaged only once and married only once and buried only once . . . and we have only one nasal septum and only one set of natural teeth—

—So WHY SHOULDN'T we shoot the moon—blow our all—about three times a week?

We can't be pikers.

The only thing is, I wish I, myself, were in a business in which I could embarrass my customers into giving me their shirts. I believe I'll start making bassinets.



Declarer may find offensive measures to save himself, supplies drama and thrill of high order and makes Contract the stimulating pastime that it is.

Culbertson Pointers

In the Forcing System opening four-bids are pre-emptive overbids and because of that are *weaker* than lower bids. They show hands which are strong *distributionally* but *defensively* weak against an adverse suit bid. Superficially it seems absurd that a higher bid should be weaker than a lower bid, such as a two-bid. It is obvious, however, that the stronger the hand in honor-tricks the less we have to fear from opponents; hence it is to

our advantage to start low and carefully avoid shutting out information from partner (Approach principle). With a long, practically solid suit and no outside strength we are in the hands of the enemy; our best bet is to hack our way through by a sudden attack, hoping that in the resulting confusion we may escape with a minimum loss.

Problems and Post Mortems

Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

The Eccentric

Accusing glances dart behind
As to his desk he goes;
A secretary speaks her mind,
She "guesses" and she "knows".

The file clerks whisper as they file,
A snappy salesman talks
Of luscious peccadilloes, while
The office boy just gawks.

On every side tongues wag and clack—
How can they gauge a man
Who from his holidays comes back
Without a coat of tan?

—D. D.

L I F E

Life's Fresh Air Fund

If you believe this to be true (we know it to be true) you can play your part, large or small, by sending in a contribution to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

THE Reverend Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick made the following statements in a sermon recently regarding the necessity of recreation and play for the boys and girls of the city streets.

"Even in the ordinary everyday sense of recreation, play is one of the most important spiritual forces in the world. Bottle up the play life of boys and girls, or let it be perverted to evil ends, and we have hurt their character beyond the power of any preaching to undo the wrong. Walk these New York streets and watch the boys and girls. Of course we have a crime wave. We are making criminals faster than we can build jails to put them in. Put yourself in the place of the boys on the streets of this town, and think what would have happened to you and to me if we had had no fairer chance to play than they have.

"No well-to-do person should leave this city for the Summer without remembering generously some agency that cares about the boys and girls of



A new point of view.

the streets. We have our choice. We will either support boys' clubs and girls' clubs, Summer camps, play-grounds, and all the increasing agencies for children, or we will support Sing Sing and then some more Sing Sings."



... and your dollars give them this instead of a water hydrant.

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Plymouth.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.00 (X)—The new principals, Madge Kennedy and Donald Brian, lack the adroit timing of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in handling the delightfully insincere lines, but it is still a very amusing show.

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85. (Matinee Wed. & Thurs.—No Saturday performances.)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

PRECEDENT. *Bijou.* \$3.00 (*)—An effective, well-acted play based on the Mooney-Billings case. Recommended.

THE UNEXPECTED HUSBAND. *48th Street.* \$3.00 (*)—With none but the good shows able to stand the financial lethargy of Summer, this one won't be around long. Hugh Cameron gives a commendable performance.

MUSICAL

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Because of his performance, we nominate Fred Astaire as the rightful successor to Jack Donahue. Get in if you can.

THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box.* \$5.50 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs. No Saturday Matinee.)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe is runner-up to Miss Lillie with Ernest Truex, Constance Carpenter, Gertrude MacDonald and Carl Randall offering capable support.

FOLLIES. *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal Le Roy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl. They certainly didn't have any when the show opened.

SHOOT THE WORKS. *Cohan.* \$3.00—This

is Heywood Brown's show for the benefit of unemployed talent. Some good numbers, and if you like Heywood it's the chance of a lifetime.

RECORDS

VICTOR

DO THE NEW YORK and

HERE WE ARE IN LOVE (*Ziegfeld Follies*)
Phil Ohman—Victor Arden and Their Orchestra. Piano playing like Ohman's and Arden's is unusual, therefore they should feature more piano and less orchestra. Frank Luther does the choruses. The first number is best.

MINNIE, THE MOOCHER and

HEEDIE JEEBIES—Mills' Blue Rhythm Band in some loud jazzy jazz. Not for the discriminating.

NEW SUN IN THE SKY—Recommended. Charming done by Leo Reisman's boys.

I LOVE LOUISA—Another Reisman interpretation recommended. Both tunes from



"First you say kiss her naturally then you say don't make any noise!"

The Band Wagon and the versatile Fred Astaire sings the choruses.

COLUMBIA

FOR YOU ALONE and

BIRD SONGS AT EVENTIDE—If you are in the mood for something anti-jazz, soothing and unobtrusive you could probably use this imported recording by Albert Sandler & His Orchestra.

DO THE NEW YORK—Alternate singing by a Male Quartet and a Female Trio help Ben Selvin & His Orchestra put over this lively tune from *The Ziegfeld Follies*, and

HIKIN' DOWN THE HIGHWAY—The Selvin bunch again—with the right amount of punch for this popular tune.

I'M AN UNEMPLOYED SWEETHEART—A situation which is kept from getting too serious by clever trumpet intrusions. Ted Wallace and His Campus Boys, and

IT'S THE GIRL—Ted and The Boys blaming us grrrls for everything—but in a lazy, easy going fashion.

SHEET MUSIC

HOT MOONLIGHT and

DON'T ASK ME WHY (*Shoot The Works*)

HONEYMOON LANE (*Movie same name*)

I'VE JUST GOT EYES FOR SUSIE (*No show*)

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, BABY (*No show*)

MOVIES

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. *Paramount*—Not as much of a tragedy as you may believe if you have read the newspaper accounts of Theodore Dreiser's charges against the Paramount Company for mistreating his novel. Some glaring faults but worth while for the high spots.

POLITICS. *Metro-Goldwyn*—You'd probably go to see Marie Dressler no matter what we said—and any time you see her she will make you laugh—which she will in this one—so go ahead.

THE COMMON LAW. *R-K-O*—Constance Bennett in a so-so picture taken from the ancient Robert W. Chambers novel dealing with the problem as to whether or not a woman should "tell", with side-lights on the question: "To what social standing is a discriminately loose woman entitled?"

THE MAGNIFICENT LIE. *Paramount*—Ruth Chatterton gives an interesting performance with her impersonation of a French actress. This deception is the magnificent lie, and she does it all to make a blind soldier happy. Not quite up to the Chatterton standard.

SON OF INDIA. *Metro-Goldwyn*—One of those East-is-East-and-West-is-West things with Ramon Novarro being surprisingly entertaining as he goes through the usual sufferings experienced by brown-skinned men in their hopeless love of white women . . . the movies being about the only place where it is still hopeless.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Robert Montgomery further establishes himself as one of the screen's biggest box-office attractions. See it.

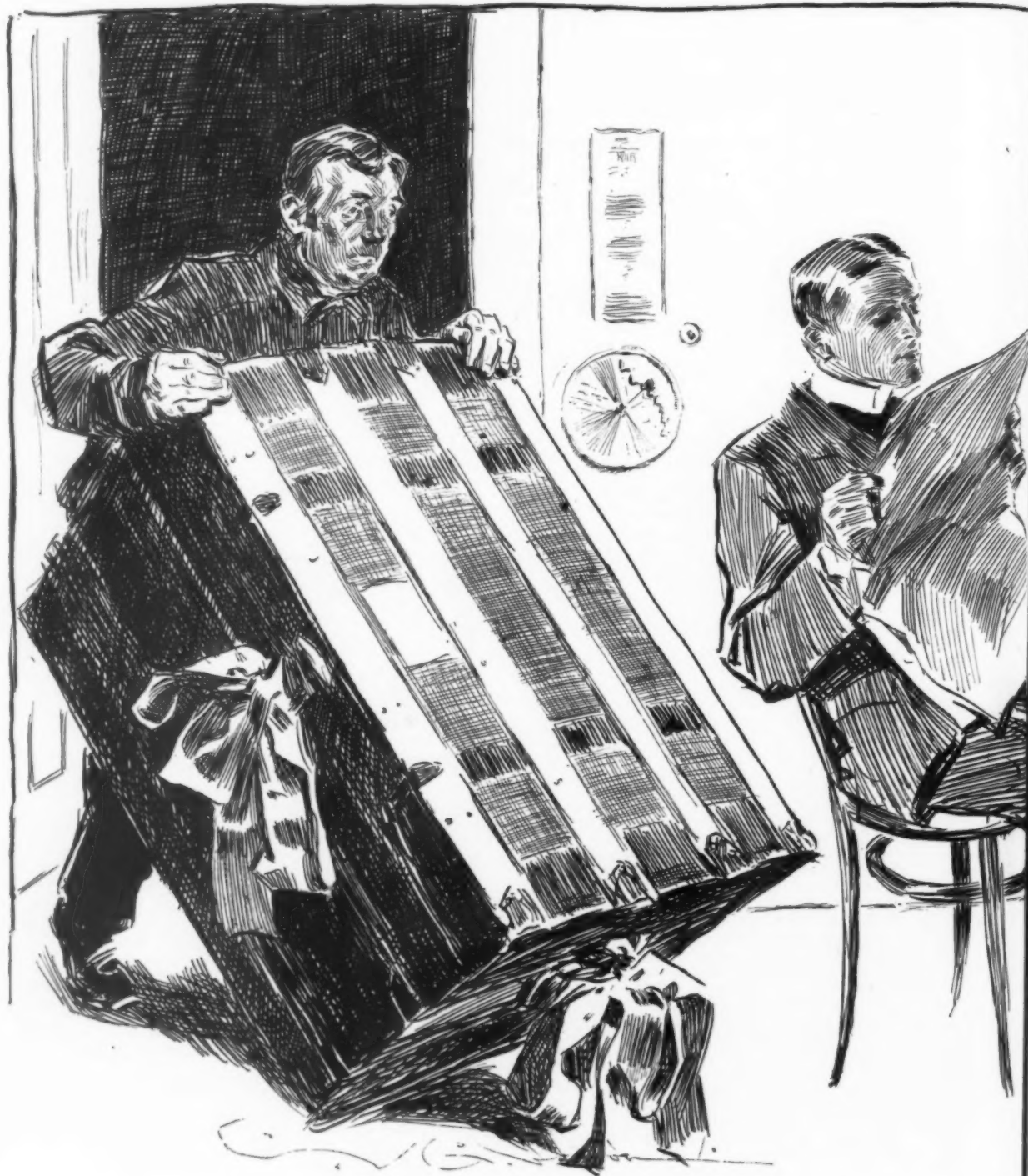
THE SECRET CALL. *Paramount*—Entertaining political story with Peggy Shannon giving an impressive performance in the leading rôle, originally intended for Clara Bow. Good cast intelligently directed.

NIGHT NURSE. *Warners*—A mother conspires to have her children starved for their inheritance money, and a nurse breaks up the plot. Well acted rough stuff with an exaggerated expose of red tape in the medical profession. Fine performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable, Ben Lyon and Joan Blondell.

CHANCES. *First National*—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. doing an expert job in a well-directed war drama. He's an officer in the British Army.

LAUGHING SINNERS. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Joan Crawford (Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.) doing an expert job in a well-directed sex drama. She's an officer in the Salvation Army.

From Life's



PRESENCE

The newlyweds had been in their room but a

OF
mom

Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Aug. 8, 1895.

OF MIND

moment when they were startled by a knock . . .

Our Foolish Contemporaries

The manager of the big office stamped furiously up and down his room as he waited for his office-boy to appear. The boy entered the room. "Why hasn't this job been done?" snapped the manager. "I told you a month ago to get it done."

"I forgot, sir," returned the boy nervously.

"Forgot—forgot?" raved the manager. "Supposing I forgot to pay you, what would you say?"

"I should come and tell you at once," returned the culprit, "not wait a month and then kick up a fuss about it!"

—*The Outspan.*

J. P. Morgan has sailed for England, where he expects to remain until November. Mr. Mellon is still spending his vacation in France. Fortunately,

however, there are a number of men left in this country who are able to solve great financial problems. We heard one of them talking in a cigar store yesterday.

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

"I am surprised your mother consents to your marriage with Eric when she hates him so."

"That is just the reason. She wants to be his mother-in-law."

—*Passing Show.*

"One difficulty is that people with money won't spend," says an analyst of the situation. "They cry 'Wolf!' when there's no one at the door but another brush salesman."

—*Detroit News.*

CUSTOMER (*indignantly*): "That parrot you sold me hadn't been in the house a day before it began to swear dreadfully."

DEALER: "Well, madam, you asked me for one that would be quick to learn."

—*Pearson's.*

A house-painter applied for an engagement at a London theatre.

"I enclose a newspaper clipping," he said, "to show you I have an aptitude for the stage."

The clipping was as follows: "The prisoner, who denied the assault, conducted his own case and defended himself in a somewhat dramatic manner."

—*Tit-Bits.*

He was a beginner at the royal and ancient game, and like most beginners had managed one magnificent drive during the round. He then proceeded to bore all of the occupants of the club lounge with his story.

"Wasn't that drive a marvel, George?" he asked a friend for the twentieth time.

"Yes," replied George, bitterly, "it's a great pity you can't take it home and have it stuffed!"

—*London Tatler.*

According to an authority British cooks can beat the world at preparing good wholesome meals. Then why don't they?

—*Punch.*

EMPLOYEE: I've been here for 10 years and doing three men's work for one man's pay. Now I want a raise.

BOSS: I'm sorry. I can't give you a raise right now, but tell me who the other two men are and I'll fire them.

—*Kreolite News.*

The cubist-artist was showing his friend over his studio.

"See that painting there," he said. "The gentleman whose portrait it is has asked me to alter his nose a little."

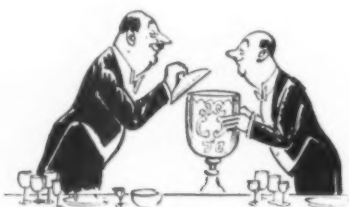
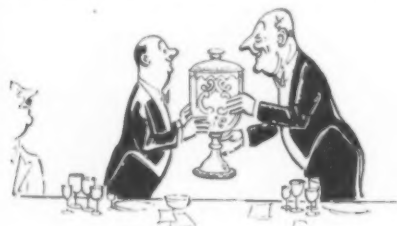
His friend gazed wonderingly at the portrait.

"I suppose that makes you rather cross?" he said.

The cubist hunched his shoulders in despair.

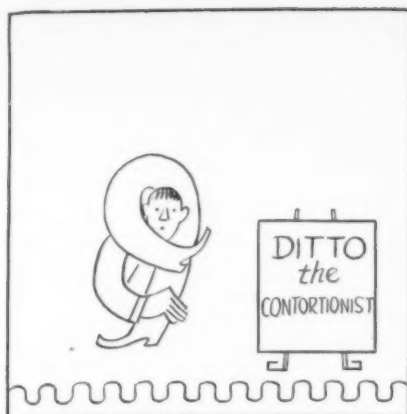
"No," he replied; "but I can't remember where I put the nose."

—*Answers.*



The man who drained the loving cup.

—*Punch* (by permission).



"Lastly," said Stevenson, giving his rules for a happy marriage,

"NO WOMAN should marry a man who does not SMOKE"

AND the words which follow indicate that by *smoking* Stevenson meant *smoking a pipe*.

"Whatever keeps a man in the front garden," he says, "whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness."

Not *all* smoking makes for "lounging and contentment."

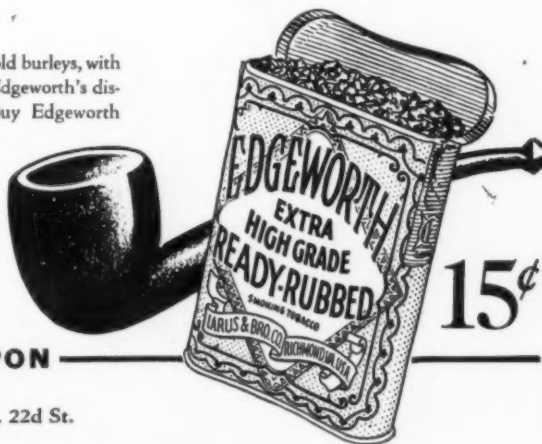
There is the quick, nervous smoke which is the characteristic reaction of our too speedy modern life. It has its place, but it is a *part* of our nervous strain, not an *antidote* to it.

The pipe is long and slow and placid. The pipe soothes and relaxes and charms. The pipe sends out those cloud-like wreaths in which the eyes of affection picture the faces of loved ones and the visions of peace.

Pipe smokers relax, and enjoy and live longer. Find the pipe that fits your taste and smoke a pipe.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or, if you prefer, you can use the coupon below to get a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Address Larus & Bro. Co., 85 S. 22d Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



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LARUS & BRO. CO., 85 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a good pipe.

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THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

HOLLAND'S Famous RICHLY-FLOWERING DARWIN TULIPS

Our Darwin tulips with extra long stems are remarkable for their long flowering period. Enormously large flowers on strong stems of about three feet in length. Magnificent for beds, edges and for cultivation in pots.

BUY TULIPS NOW DIRECT FROM THE DUTCH GROWER

500

Excellent Darwin tulips in 5 colours:
pink, red, violet, heliotrope, yellow

100 of each colour, and each colour picked separately
POST and DUTY FREE delivered at your home, for only

\$10

Please remit amount per money order:

W. A. DeWINTER, Inc. Dutch Bulb Growers Heemstede, Holland

It is complained that on one housing estate in Staffordshire the rats go into the houses at night for food. The remedy seems to be to take it out to them.

—Punch.



UPPER TO LOWER: *Why don't we get together some day for lunch?*

"Radio for the blind," urges a newspaper correspondent.

Why not reserve it for the deaf?

—Dublin Opinion.

ROWE: "But you admit your night-watchman sleeps. I wouldn't have a man like that on the job."

TOWE: "Oh, but my man makes more noise asleep than awake!"

—Pearson's.

Invigorating and delicious—Iced Tea flavored with Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

Billy was running as fast as he could. "Where are you rushing off to?" asked the man with whom he collided violently.

"Oh," said Billy, breathlessly, "I'm rushing home because mother is going to spank me."

"Your mother is going to spank you, and you are rushing home for it! Do you want to be spanked, then?"

"No," replied Billy, "but if I don't get there before dad gets home he'll do it."

—London Tatler.



Advertisement

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-four years. In that time it has expended over \$582,000 and has provided more than 54,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N. J.

Previously Acknowledged.....	\$17,979.35
Master Davis Given, New York	10.00
Stuart Peabody, Irvington on Hudson	5.00
"Margaret & Edwin"	40.00
A. P. Chicago.....	5.00
D. E. French, Auburn, N. Y.	10.00
Niel P. Sterne, Anniston, Ala.	20.00
Barbara and Eugene de Prado, Crestwood, N. Y.	2.00
E. S. Wilson, New York.....	5.00
Rachel N. Field, Cincinnati.....	10.00
Anonymous, M. P.	25.00
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Miss Rosalie Smith, Williamstown, Mass.	10.00
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"Amos of Phunsum,"	5.00
H. Raiford Gaffney, Anderson, S. C.	12.00
Louise Stahl, Athens, O.	5.00
Girls of Peak and Pine Camp, Idyllwild, Cal.	20.00
From Nancy, Joyce, Danny and Marilyn	10.00
Mrs. Moses Taylor, Newport, R. I.	100.00
Martha H. W., Northampton, Mass.	12.00
Laura C. L. Boas, Mechanicsburg, Pa.	10.00
Mrs. J. A. Swenson, Concord, N. H.	15.00
Mr. & Mrs. L. V. D. Harris, Norfolk, Conn.	25.00
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Mrs. Grace G. Hoen, Riverhead, L. I.	5.00
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Mrs. C. E. Dinsmour, Hastings, Neb.	2.00
Irene Emery, Montgomery, O.	25.00
Mrs. Francis S. Page, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00
In loving Memory of Gordon Hilcken Dowell	20.00
Mrs. Wm. G. Mendinghall, Wilmington, Del.	10.00
John E. Fidler, Reading, Pa.	20.00
Mr. Hall Adams, New Rochelle....	10.00
Mrs. W. S. Charnley, Pasadena.....	25.00
Miss Katharine E. Douglas, New York	20.00



After every
cigarette

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER



Also in
Spearmint and
Wintergreen flavors.

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your *taste sense*—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so *good* as Beech-Nut.

Made by Beech-Nut Packing
Company—Also makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops

(Continued from page 30)

John Orr Young, Westport, Conn.	10.00
"Because of Josh"	2.00
John L. Brummett, Belmont, Mass.	10.00
L. M. Williams, New York.....	5.00
Stanley P. Friedman, New York....	25.00
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Ethel Morse.....	5.00
R. S. Kellogg, Yonkers.....	10.00

TOTAL—\$19,450.35

Answers to Crazy Tales

on page 19

- (1) Sumatra.
- (2) Cheyenne—Flushing.
- (3) Roumania—Peking.
- (4) Formosa—Folkestone.

A colored worshipper came to a minister and asked if he would be good enough to mention his floating kidney during next Sunday's prayers.

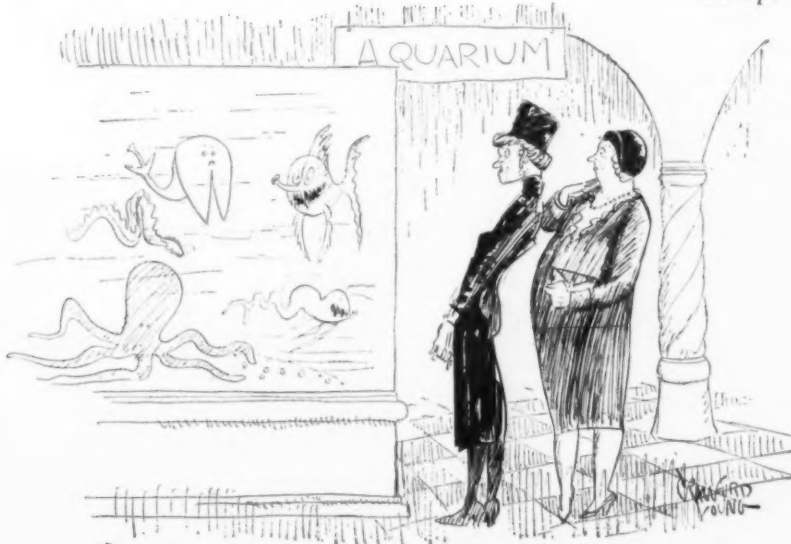
"But, Sam," replied the minister, "do you think it reasonable for me to mention such a personal matter?"

"Well, suh," said Sam, scratching his wool, "it seems all right to me, Pahson. Didn't you take up time las' Sunday prayin' for the 'loose livers'?"

—Sun-Up.

Solution of August 21 Puzzle

WHIP	PICOT	PLAY
AERO	ADORE	HALE
IBIS	REACT	AREA
FESTIVAL	HANKER	
EKE	WELT	
CHARON	PERGOLAS	
RAG	NUBIA	AMUSE
AVID	SALVE	SNIP
MOLES	REELS	ADA
SCEPTERS	LAUREL	
LATE	IMP	
ANGORA	TAPESTRY	
ROAR	POOLS	ERIE
ANTE	ENNUI	TELL
BEES	SEEMS	SEEP



"Just think, you have them in your bath but you can't see them."



Old Cape Henry Light, built in 1791, on the Virginia Coast—prized relic of early Virginia history.

A white flash in a black sky signals the steady character of the coastal sentry. Puffs of cool, sweet smoke bespeak the mild and friendly character of

Old Briar TOBACCO

OLD BRIAR continually gains new friends because its distinctive character inspires thoughtful preference rather than thoughtless habit. It has the body that the veteran smoker demands. It has the mildness that is found only in the finest ripe tobacco. It has an appetizing flavor with a sparkle that distinguishes it from the flatness of ordinary blends. Every pipeful wins a deeper, truer liking.

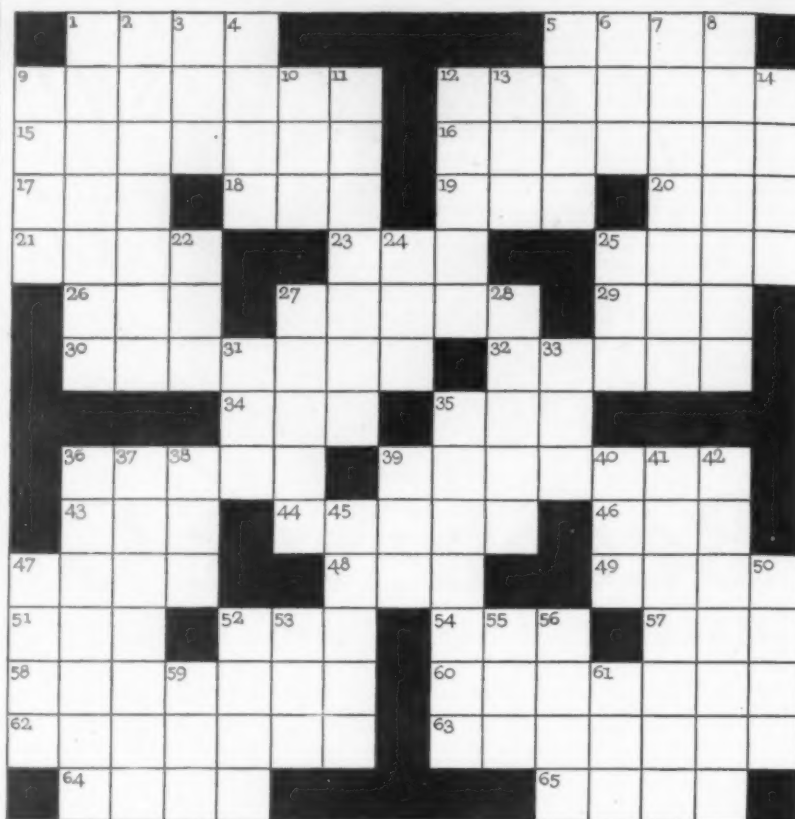


15^c
size

UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

LIFE

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Shake down.
5. The old soldiers' home.
9. A Union Man.
12. Founder of the Alpine monasteries.
15. Western state.
16. This man evens up things.
17. This is all wet in Spain.
18. Summer coat.
19. Refresh.
20. Bird.
21. Tangles.
23. Children's game.
25. Small bolt or fastening. (Scotch)
26. You should never tell this.
27. Civet-like feline.
29. Dined.
30. Theatrical backgrounds.
32. Essence of roses.
34. New born lamb.
35. Hullabaloo.
36. Army officer.
39. Flags.
43. The wine cup.
44. This man looks ahead.
46. Meadow.
47. Neat and precise.
48. Melted away.
49. What girls powder their noses with.
51. Greek letter.
52. Pronoun.
54. A silent tongue.
57. The gift of gab.
58. Fish bites.
60. Investigate.
62. Main cabin of a steamship, pl.
63. Indicated.
64. For fear that.
65. Trifles.

DOWN

1. These run for weeks without stopping.
2. This is absurd.
3. Headwear.
4. Bring out for inspection.
5. This knows how to handle a boat.
6. A girl of uncertain age.
7. Reddish color.
8. The first minister of state.
9. Just land to mortgage.
10. Literary notes.
11. A night light.
12. You can get a cop's number everytime by this.
13. Biblical name.
14. A thump.
22. A bishop's office.
24. One, indefinitely.
25. Stayed.
27. Machine parts.
28. Sarcastic speech.
31. Prefix meaning recent.
33. Number.
35. Hung around.
36. Just like a soldier.
37. This is very good natured.
38. This is a crush.
39. Neck piece.
40. Antiquity.
41. The real thing.
42. Ancient people of Central Italy.
45. Salad green.
47. Writers.
50. Raced.
52. This will take a blind man's penny.
53. Domestic bird.
55. A tool.
56. To diet.
59. Genus of cattle.
61. Low.



Swift as a swallow

Swallows can catch darting insects on the fly. The power in their wings is controlled perfectly. To control the power of gasoline, nearly all leading oil refiners now add Ethyl fluid. Inside the engine, it prevents uneven explosions that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating. It *controls combustion*, effecting such an improvement in car performance that Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest selling brand of motor fuel in the country. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid to lead

FOR SUMMER DRIVING

Ethyl Gasoline keeps motors cooler because combustion is controlled. In summer, as in other seasons, Ethyl fluid is mixed with base gasoline best suited to the season. It's a premium fuel—and worth it *every* month of the year.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

Consider your Adam's Apple!!* Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

**"Reach for a
LUCKY instead"**

Place your finger on your Adam's Apple. You are actually touching your larynx — this is your voice box — it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat — your vocal chords.

What is the effect of modern Ultra Violet Rays upon tobacco? Dr. E. E. Free, one of America's well-known scientists, who was retained by us to study Lucky Strike's manufacturing process, addressing the Illuminating Engineering Society, said:

"The essential effect of the Ultra Violet is the production of better tobacco and of cigarettes regarded by virtually all smokers who have tested them as milder and with a lesser tendency to cause throat irritation."

Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette that employs Ultra Violet Rays in connection with its exclusive "TOASTING" Process — the only cigarette that brings you the benefits of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos.



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Mfrs.

TUNE IN—
The Lucky Strike
Dance Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
Thursday
and Saturday
evening over
N. B. C. net-
works.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



Estelle Skinner
NEW YORK, N. Y.

